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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Longing

If I could put my longing in a flower
And plant it in some distant desert place,
Or by some lonely hearth-stone for an hour,—
How fair its lifted face!

If I could put my longing in a dream
And clothe it with a halo and a mist,
And loiter by some cool, sequestered stream,—
What souls would keep me tryst!

If I could put my longing in a deed
And help some giant soul to rise again
And so supply some worthy soul its need,—
How eminent the gain!

But I who plant my fragile little flower
So close beside my neighbor's in the sun,
Scarce congregate a separate phase of power,—
For we indeed are one.

Humboldt, Iowa. HARRIET LAKE-BURCH.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 227
A Pile of Monthlies 228
The Catholic Church as a "Menace" 229
One Woman's Work—*Emma E. Marean* 230
THE PULPIT—
Robert Browning: One Word More—Smith Baker..230
Halt Eric, the Harper—Percy M. Dawson..... 232
Democracy and Leadership—A. B. Curtis..... 233
The Philosophers and Socialism—James G. Townsend 234
The Soul's Spring—Harriet Morlock Gleason..... 235
THE STUDY TABLE—
New Testament Criticism: An Important Book—C. W. Wendte 238
New Books and Good Ones—E. P. Powell..... 236
THE FIELD—
International Clubs in German Universities—E. D. M. 237

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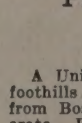
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXIX. THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1912. NUMBER 15.

The great elm-tree in the open, posed
Placidly full in front, smooth bole, bevel branch,
And leafage, one green plenitude of May.
The gathered thought runs into speech at last.

"O you exceeding beauty, bosomful
Of lights and shades, murmurs and silences,
Sun-warmth, dew coolness—squirrel, bee and bird,
High, higher, highest, till the blue proclaims
Leave earth, there's nothing better till next step
Heavenward!"

—Robert Browning, in the Inn Album.

The women are hurrahing for Ohio. The amendment goes on the main ballot. After Wisconsin then comes Ohio. So widens the battle field where ballots take the place of bullets, and *words* and not bayonets pierce. Let the bloodless fight go on!

Five graduates received diplomas at the recent Commencement exercises of the Meadville Theological School, and two more received certificates for special courses. Edwin Burdette Backus, the son of the efficient pastor of the Unitarian Church of Minneapolis, and Joseph Addison Kyle, received the degrees of B. D. Once in a while the prophetic mantle still descends from father to son.

We are pleased to discover the picture of an Ensign Fountain, similar to that which adorned the front page of UNITY in a recent number, in the pages of the June number of *Our Dumb Animals*. This fountain occupies a busy corner in the City of Havana. Thus the thirsty horse and mule are democratized all the way from Chicago to Havana by the benignant gift of Hermon Lee Ensign, who was the subject of a recent editorial in UNITY.

"How far that little candle throws its beams!"

The slow reader will find comfort in the "casual comment" of the *Dial* that ninety-nine per cent of what is published in the literature of knowledge soon becomes superseded by later researches, and forty-nine fiftieths of the literature of power speedily ceases to appeal to any reader. So the three-quarter million of works now estimated in the English language are not so formidable after all. Emerson modestly believed that his own library contained most of the essential literature of the world. That category has been somewhat enlarged since the Concord library was gathered, but doubtless an Emersonian inspection of the Emerson library would today find considerable dead wood on the Emerson shelf.

With regret, though not with surprise, we note the announcement that the "Browne Book Store" of Chicago is no more,—that venture in the Fine Arts Building where aesthetics tried to make common cause with literature, where dainty architecture, inviting rugs and, when occasion needed, a cup of tea, lured the book-lover. We know not what the inner story may be, but we suspect that those refined lovers of books have found that as yet the favored children of elegance are not necessarily the buyers of books, at least that there are not enough of the kind to maintain, even in Chicago, so elegant an establishment. Let the bookshelf be made as available as the place where potatoes can be bought. Let the bookstore intrude its attractions in the way of the working-man, in places where boys and girls travel, and then the bookstore will scarcely thrive because of the cheaper and more fugitive literature that never reaches the dignity of stiff covers. The "Browne Book Store" was a social venture, it was a class experiment, its failure may teach an important lesson. What the lesson is we do not know, perhaps somebody will tell us some day.

"The Social Usurpation of our Colleges," the title of the series of articles by Owen Johnson in *Collier's Weekly*, is ominous when applied to colleges, but it is lamentable when we find that this "usurpation" invades the High Schools, even the Grammar grades of our cities. The number of boys and girls well endowed with brains, boys and girls who come from favored homes, whose parents are anxious to secure for them all the culture that money can buy, who will "fail to pass" these June days, or come in with low marks and a clouded record because of the social dissipations of the schools, the "functions," the "societies," whether open or secret. and the attendant dissipations of the cigarette and the flirtations incident thereto, ought to make parents more serious and teachers more vigilant. How can we save the children of the schools from the vices and the follies of their parents, is a pedagogical question that might well engage the attention of the National Educational Association at their approaching Chicago meeting.

The purpose of the series is said to be "to disclose the growth of snobbery at American universities." No intelligent parent who proposes to give his child a college education can honestly shut his eyes to the facts which Mr. Johnson sets forth. It is too obviously true that "social success" rather than intellectual development is the goal that lures an increasing number of our college boys and girls of today, and intelligent parents are inclined to accept the dictum here set forth: "Well, the boy won't learn anything but he will get the chance to make the friends that will be useful to him in after life." This sounds well and doubtless in many cases the promise is made good, but it is fraught with so many dangers that the honest parent, however prosperous, may well hesitate before plunging the callow youth and the silly maid into such a dangerous infatuation, such shallow exhilarations as are found in the social whirl of college life, with its fraternities and sororities recruited by the "rushes" that measure the eligibilities by the beauty of the face, the grace of form, the social standing or more solid fame of parents, and, most dangerous of all, the depth of their pocket-books. This article well says that "the volcanic eruption of wealth in the last thirty years has transformed our former democratic levels of opportunity." This has given rise to an aristocracy that is as lamentable as it is shallow, as good natured as it is undiscriminating, and more dangerous because it is unintentional. Is Mr. Johnson right when he says that "the college is no longer in control?" Is there not "a great army of uneducated collegiates?" Does not this "American frenzy for over-organization "find its worst development among the so-called favored students in our fashionable universities,— for there is getting to be fashion in universities? If this danger were confined to a small proportion of abundantly wealthy boys and girls who are pushed into college by tutors and who ride through college on "ponies," the case would not be worthy of serious thought, for a "social" graduation at college is better for such than the silly dissipations on lower levels. In addition to the good times and the costly enjoyments, such students could not help getting a little intellectual polish by attrition and a little culture by absorption. For clear thinking, like good manners, is contagious, but the danger lies in the fact that so many thousand sons and daughters from plain homes, whose fathers and mothers must sacrifice in order to give their children these privileges, become bewitched by the costly standards and debauched by the superficial enthusiasms. If this danger beset only the colleges of the higher grade and the later classes it would not be so bad, but bright boys and girls "lose their marks" in the high schools and fail to enter the gates of the college simply because the good times sought, the secret societies joined have so interfered with the text book, so prevented the acquiring of that noblest gift of the school, a study habit. And so they "fail," not for want of native endowment of brains, but for want of the controlling judgment of parents, high school teachers and college faculties. Snobbery, indolence, frivolity, extravagance, are bad, whether found in college halls, church circles, political cliques or commercial combinations. These articles of Owen Johnson's are timely, and they will do good.

A Pile of Monthlies

How seductive are these thieves of time, these foes of consecutive study and deliberate intellectual pursuits! And still they are. or seem to be. indispensable. So we handle them lovingly and put them aside regretfully.

First comes the *Twentieth Century,* with its tone of added confidence, with its free hand and outspoken frankness, under the editorial hand of Professor Zueblin. We wish that this prince of "muck-rakers" among journals, the original free-lance in the field of politics and economics, were a little more economic in the use of this ill-starred word. We resent its use as not being applicable to the earnest students who are trying to diagnose the disease before offering a remedy. George French's "Masters of the Magazines" is a startling and humiliating revelation. The sky-rocket quality of the magazines that attract our attenion is here made manifest. It is sad to think how not only magazines but the dailies and weeklies, the products of the religious as well as of the secular press, are dependent upon advertising patronage, and, consequently, how easily "business" dictates the destiny of journalism, and with a forceful though hidden hand, gags the editor in the sanctum. The absence of advertising in the *Twentieth Century* is signicant. The array of "stockholders," presumbably made up of subscribers, indicates the dangerous way of raising capital. We hope that the *Twentieth Century Magazine* may be able to make good its high hopes and permanent its place as a preacher in type.

Out West for May shows the versatile hand of its new editor, George Wharton James. It is a Robert Browning Centennial number, with an interesting portrait of the poet on the front page. It contains some twenty-five pages of Browning material, poems, congratulations, comments, and promises a Browning Centennial volume at an early date. Anything about Browning is still timely and we hope will be welcomed by an increasing constituency.

Scribner's for June has a bear-hunting study from the pen of Charles Sheldon that must make havoc with the humanities and the civilization of many lovers of

the gun. This is an interesting magazine with much readable reading. Henry Van Dyke's "The Good Enchantment of Charles Dickens" can scarcely be skipped.

The *Century* studies of "St. Francis," of "Help for the Hard Drinker," of the "Elephant Seal" and its prospects, and of "Prince Krapotkin" compel attention.

The *American* for June is loaded with campaign material. La Follette's article, "Alone in the Senate," will furnish consideration for the thoughtful student long after the campaign is over.

Current Literature, with its epitome of Ida Tarbell's answer to the question, "Is Woman Making a Man of Herself?" and its notes of America's reception of the "World's Supreme Woman Hater" is the spice of much more valuable reading, among which is a sensible estimate of the message of Abdul-Baha.

The *Survey* for June 1st is one more indispensable magazine to the student of current sociology. "Woman's Eight-hour Law," "Votes for Women and Other Votes," "The Southern Sociological Congress," "The Root Amendment," "The Muscatine Study" by Harry F. Ward, and "Religion in Social Action," by Graham Taylor, are among the commanding attractions.

The Catholic Church as a "Menace"

This country seems to be threatened with another spasm of anxiety lest the Church of Rome should somehow invade the Council Chambers of the Nation and disintegrate the Democratic foundations of our government. These spasms are periodic. The organization which has taken upon itself the title of "Guardians of Liberty," although disclaiming the fact, seems to be in a fair way of inheriting the anxieties and the agitations that some years ago were represented by the A. P. A. movement. In view of this anxiety the following private correspondence may be of interest. The inquirer is a prominent pastor of a Congregational Church in the vicinity of Boston. Because his letter is typical of the attitude of so many, we give it publicity. The reply has the limitations incident to a private letter, written without thought of publicity, but it may also have the virtues of its faults, hence we print it.

THE QUESTIONS

Dear Brother:

I have been very much interested in the press reports of your remarks before the Free Religious Association in Boston.

As a minister of the gospel, I want to give every possible credit to the life and work of the Roman Catholic Church, but I confess that the apparent growth of un-American sentiment and practice within that church in the last few years and the apparent strengthening of the spirit and forces within it that are antagonistic to our free institutions, make me feel that it is an enemy to the democracy which we are trying to realize in this country. I say this, I trust, without any bitterness or unkindly feeling toward any representative of the Roman Catholic Church, but simply as my honest judgment in regard to the workings of its system.

In view of your reported statements and your wide opportunity for observation, if possible, I would like to know your opinion on the following points:

First: Do you not think that the adherence to superstition and the assertion of un-American tendencies within that church have been gaining ground within the past ten years? By un-American tendencies I mean such matters as the insistence upon absolute loyalty to the Pope in preference to any other allegiance, the demand for public money for sectarian purposes, etc. As one who has been for the past nine years in the work of the ministry in Greater Boston, it seems to me that such tendencies and practices have been gaining ground.

Second: If you do not believe that these tendencies are gaining, can you give me indications that the church is growing in its spirit of liberalism?

Third: Do you think that the Catholic Church is really helping to assimilate the foreign American population? Or do you think that these people are capable of a higher and freer type of religion and that if they were relieved of the superstition and other methods of control of the Roman Church, that they would respond to the appeal of free religion and become stronger characters?

Fourth: If the Catholic Church is being liberalized, why do its official representatives attack so bitterly such statements of the press as that enclosed?

I am not a member of the Guardians of Liberty, and I am asking these questions in frankness for my own sake and that of the common cause which we represent.

Thanking you for any attention you may give them,

Sincerely yours.

THE REPLY

Dear Brother:

I do not hope that I can answer your questions to your satisfaction or even to my own, within the compass of a letter. I can only reiterate my faith that the whole spiritual, intellectual, economic, as well as political atmosphere, of the United States tends to de-nature dogmatism and hierarchical tyranny. While the outward forms of creeds, ceremony and clericalism obtain generation after generation, not only in the Catholic Church but in the Lutheran and Methodist, Episcopalian and other unrelenting "blue" types of orthodoxy and the complacent and over-confident type of liberals, the spirit is dissipated. To repeat the figure used in Boston, the bull pup looks savage, he may growl, but his teeth have failed him on account of the food he has been eating; his bite will not hurt, and should an issue ever come, which I do not expect, I shall have no fear.

To answer your questions briefly:

First: Practically all the additions to the Catholic forces in the United States are those by immigration or birth. The converts are absolutely a negligible quantity. It so happens that the tide of immigration has been, in these latter years, not only from Catholic territories, but from the ignorant territories of Eastern and Southern Europe, and of course the United States has a big job in digesting them. But I believe that it is equal to the task, and in this work the Catholic Church, for the earlier years, is by all means the most efficient digester. Of course, they teach dogmatism, but for the half hour or less devoted in their parochial schools to the teaching of Romanism, there are five hours spent in teaching the multiplication table, geography, the history of the United States and, better than all, the final instrument of democracy, the English language and literature.

Second: As to the growing spirit of "liberalism" in the Catholic Church, I cannot speak for the latitude of Boston. I am afraid the dogmatic atmosphere still obtains in New England more than in the West, and suspicion breeds suspicion, dogmatic Puritanism inflames dogmatic Romanism, but here in the West we are surely learning to work together in a thousand ways unthought of twenty-five years ago. Archbishops Ireland and Keane have large followings. We are not only at peace with our Catholic neighbors in Chicago, but we do, within limits, "team" work.

Your third question as to assimilation is already answered to a degree. Twenty years or more ago some of our middle Western states, notably Wisconsin, had a panic over the growth of Lutheranism. The "little red school-house" got into state politics, bitterness raged on both sides over the parochial school problem, owing to the immense Scandinavian and German and other Lutheran population. A most worthy

governor was defeated for reëlection by this church vote. But the scare has long since passed over, and the Lutheran Church, though still maintaining its parocial schools, has long since forgotten to be on the defensive in the main. In that case, as I am afraid in this case, clerical vigilance was excited by an undue and unkind alarm on the part of the Protestant and sectarian forces.

This "Guardians of Liberty" movement sounds good, but, like the A. P. A., the animus is easily discovered. I regret it because it does not seem to me to be necessary, and if not necessary it will generate bad blood, which is to be deplored.

As to the power of the Catholic Church to readjust itself in time, I am willing to trust the arguments of history. The Inquisition has gone, the age of martyrdom is passed, astronomy is accepted, evolution is being accepted, "modernism," though under ban, is not dead. You people in New England ought to know how it is yourselves. Take to heart the story of Roger Williams, the Salem witches, the Emerson and the Theodore Parker denunciations by the gilt-edged "guardians of liberty" of their times, the highly favored and delicately perfumed Unitarians of Boston. Don't be scared, brother, let us keep our eyes to the front and be patient with our lagging brothers, and give them our hands rather than our fists whenever possible. If we slap them at all, let it be on the shoulder and not in the face.

Hastily but cordially yours,

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

ONE WOMAN'S WORK

A narrow sphere—how can you call it so?
Three pairs of baby eyes look up in mine,
And seem the gates through which a light divine
Transfigures all my life with tenderest glow.

Because I cannot paint with artist skill
The changing colors of the sea and sky;
Because I cannot write of visions high
And move you all with pain or joy at will;

Because to Learning's shrine no gifts I bring,
Nor take a foremost stand for woman's cause;
Because I trust unquestioning the laws
Which bring us snow in winter, birds in spring,

You think my life is circumscribed and cold
In what should make it helpful, rich and strong.
Ah, friend, these happy days are none too long
For all the loving duties that they hold.

Nor has the art you love been all denied,
For loveliest pictures every day I see
In childhood's careless grace and movements free,
From waking morn till dreamy eventide.

My Edith's braids, now brown, now golden bright,
Imprison tints no artist's brush has known;
The baby's deep blue eyes, which meet my own,
In living beauty mock all painted light.

Nor do you know, my friend, the critics bold
We story-tellers in our children find—
What store of wisdom and of wit combined
We need to point a moral new or old.

And in reforms are we not learning late
A still, small voice need not be all in vain?
These tiny hands may hold great future gain,
"They also serve who only stand and wait."

And what in science or philosophy
Can pass in interest a childish heart,
Feeling its upward way to take its part
For good or ill in Life's great mystery?

God help us mothers all to live aright,
And let our homes all truth and love enfold,
Feeling that life no loftier aims can hold
Than leading little children to the light.

—*Emma E. Marean.*

THE PULPIT

Robert Browning: One Word More!

BY SMITH BAKER, OF UTICA, NEW YORK.

"Nay, 't would be but the selfsame spirit, clothed
In humbler guise. but still the selfsame spirit."

Almost at the beginning of Chesterton's "Robert Browning" we find him saying, "He was clever enough to understand his own poetry; and if he understood it, we can understand it." To many this will seem a rash, misleading statement. When one thinks of one's earlier attempts to get any meaning whatever, even out of some of Browning's simpler poems, and likewise remembers that there are others which have never as yet yielded their secret, it seems quite probable that the saying that Browning himself might not have been able to tell exactly what was meant, at any time subquently to the moment when he undertook thus to express himself, may not be any farther from the truth than the supposition that his most expert reader has never been able accurately to interpret them, try as he might.

In any event, however, it is not necessary that one shall ever be able *fully* to understand Browning, in order to enjoy him and profit by him immeasurably, any more than it is necessary that one should read all he ever wrote, or bravely swallow it in some conventionally enthusiastic way, in order to be able to get from him what is to be expected from one so conspicuous in the long line of English poets. Careful attention to a few well-selected poems, equally careful attention to well-selected excerpts from those which are more abstruse and erudite, quiet, persistent determination to climb up to the poet's own heights and get the view that for him was so interesting,—this, and little else, is needful for such a wholesome preliminary taste of him as will render much of the rest prospectively desirable and sure not only to be read but more or less satisfactorily understood at some subsequent hour. The fact is, the difficulties in Browning's poems are mostly those in ourselves; which, more explicitly stated, are our ignorance of his unique intellectual world, our lack of poetical appreciation, our indolence, and our conventional prepossessions and prejudices. Once let ourselves be free from these, once let ourselves freely go in the direction of this new enterprise, once let us bare our minds and hearts to the influences that everywhere emanate from Browning's writings, and all else follows quite as fully as our capability admits.

Perhaps this may be shown by recounting one's personal experience. My first attempt to read Browning was from a selection used in connection with one of the Chautauqua Courses, in which I happened to hit upon "Home Thoughts From Abroad" at the very first. Fortunately there was nothing to stumble over in this, and as soon as I had reached

> "The wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
> Lest you should think he never could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture!"

I was at once so thoroughly captured by my poetical Browning that I have never needed to be recaptured in any sense whatever. But with what struggling, nevertheless, have I many times since had to be held in bondage to his spell. As I at the time tried to read on, I soon came upon other matter whose utter com-

monplaces, or insipidity, or obscurity, or all three together, was so tantalizing and so exasperating that often I was tempted to throw the volume away, never to be recurred to again. Just why one who could fervently say such poetical things in such poetical ways could intentionally or carelessly mix in so much that to me was not poetical and had very little value for any purpose, I could not understand, and certainly had little sympathy with. It seemed to me that of all the literary work I had ever encountered, Browning's was the one which most needed close editing in obedience to the severest canons yet accepted; and moreover. that this should be done before it could be worth while for commoners to even begin its reading.

Then there came a test which was equally discouraging, to say the least. A very bright, intelligent, youngerly woman happening to call and noting my book, asked me to read aloud something from it, as she was entirely unacquainted with Browning's work. The selection before me being "Rabbi Ben Ezra," I proceeded to read it as well as I could. During its reading my listener sat immovable, with brow contracted, hands clinched, and evidently with every faculty as fully awake as possible. But when I had finished, her only remark was, "Well! that may be poetry, but it's all Greek to me." For that matter so was it to me, also. And it would be rather interesting to know just how many times I actually did have to read it before I could get much of an inkling of its meaning, to say nothing of its poetical beauty in any sense. So far as the dates in my own copy of Browning show, I actually have read it at least eleven different times. But this is only a suggestion of the real number; for I have read the fruitful poem otherwheres many, many times, and probably shall many another time besides, before I entirely extract its riches or note all its beauties.

I speak of this in order to suggest that simply because a poem or other writing is "abstruse" or otherwise difficult, is no thorough-going reason why one should not try to grow to its measure or try to comprehend its significance, to every extent possible. Nor is there in this any legitimate justification whatever for the many who have entirely given up reading Browning, and thus have failed of both benefit and pleasure, simply because they have not been courageous enough to overcome their initial perplexity, or his peculiar way of saying things so differently from those employed by others.

The simple fact is, it is because of just such attempts to get into vital touch with him, that genuine appreciation of Robert Browning is not, even after all these years, either very wide or very deep. As a man, he was too matter of fact, too quiet, too undramatic, too remote from his age—or our own age—to be very attractive or impressive. One hour of Byron or Shelley or Keats, or even of Tennyson, would be likely to awaken more interest in the ordinary reader's mind than months of Browning, even when at his intensest work or play. Besides, he often chose subjects for which our modern ear is not prepared, and furnished matter for which only those specially educated can find a setting. Intensely interested in human beings and their tragedies and comedies, he undoubtedly was; but often he did not enter into these with sufficient emotional freedom to evince to the reading world his actual depths of sympathy, or his accurate understanding. Mostly, his men and women seem simply to be elements of a situation which of itself may be dramatic and thoroughly interesting enough, or otherwise; but, having employed them for his own purposes, Browning is quite unexpetedly apt to leave us to ponder upon their purely intellectual rather than their emotional purpose, and so to be not entirely satisfied, especially for the time being. It is only afterwards, when his characters are seen to appropriate for themselves the reflex of the situations in which the poet has placed them, that we begin to feel with them and for them, and so to be more and more at home with them. In a word, it usually takes a larger personal experience, a broader, deeper intellectual grasp, a better disciplined emotionalism to comprehend Browning than we have heretofore been called upon usually to exercise in our poetical readings; and so we are thus compelled, sometimes quite beyond ordinary patience, to try harder to be more like Browning in order to understand him than we have spirit or interest to sustain us in. But, as many can say,

> "Strange how the notion once
> Encountered, gathers strength by moments!"

and to very many more the gathering strength will not fail when once they determine to persevere unto the utmost conquest desired.

Neither does the effort required to understand Browning invalid his work nor legitimately prevent our best endeavor to read him profitably. On the contrary, the very fact that often his world was not our world, his topics not those of current literature, his subject-matter not that of our homes and neighborhoods, should be regarded as some of the very best reasons why we should not hesitate to read him intently and try to reach his sphere of feeling and thought if possible, and be glad of the exercise required. In fact, as has so often been proved, the effort required for this may prove to be the most beneficial of all our mental and spiritual lives. Reading Saul, or Sordello, or Pippa Passes, or The Ring and the Book. may not be "easy reading." in any sense; but trying to read understandingly, even over and over again, brings such a full compensation eventually that it seems rather flippant to refrain from so doing, simply because of "obscurity" or "aloofness" or anything else which involves or implies indifference, or laziness, or both.

Perhaps much of the difficulty with Browning's becoming more popular has resided in the fact that people have not first sufficiently prepared themselves for the effort, and so

> "Cannot feed on beauty for the sake
> Of beauty only, nor can drink in balm
> From lovely objects for their loveliness."

As all know, earlier such wholesome preparation was not nearly so practicable as now. But now no one should attempt to read him without having first engaged in such a course of preparation as may include, for instance, close reading of Chesterton's volume in the "English Men of Letters" series, Professor Edward Dowden's volume in "The Temple Biographies," and the book by Professor Henry Jones on "Browning as a Philosopher and Religious Teacher," to say nothing of the writings of Professor Hiram Corson, Edmund Clarence Stedman. and other interpreters of equal worth. Additionally, no one should attempt the struggle with our poet, unless he has at hand

either Mrs. Orr's "Handbook" or Berdoe's "Cyclopedia." As a matter of common sense, one might as well try without due preparation to understandingly read a book on the Calculus as certain of Browning's poems without adequate preparation and these comprehensive helps.

But this does not imply that we should always use these "helps" upon every occasion when we are in trouble. Indeed it might often thus happen that the real significance of the whole poem would be in danger of densest obscuration from the multitude of detail in which too frequent reference to one's aids might involve one; and it were far better to boldly read on in spite of continuing ignorance than to risk this species of fatal mishap. In every poem, by anyone, it is the poetical spirit, aroma, inspiration, beauty, clarification of soul, that is the end, rather than the fact, important and wonderful as this may prove to be, upon special occasion. He who misses this inner significance in reading Browning or any other poet would better stick to prose, where facts are apt to be more clearly and more satisfactorily stated. Yet, too, there is one of the most important and real facts of all which we should never lose sight of in Browning's work, namely, the quality which makes for all that is best and highest in life. Says Professor Dowden, "His optimism was part of the vigorous sanity of his moral nature; like a reasonable man, he made the happiness which he did not find." And Browning himself says,

> "The only fault's with time;
> All men become good creatures: but so slow,"

and, too, like his own good self, gives to everyone whatever, the wonderfulest incentive known, namely

> "It is our trust
> That there is yet another world to mend
> All error and mischance."

When one notes how little we usually get out of life, how inconsequent it all is so far as sanity and right living and happiness and actual goodness go, it does not seem not unimportant, then, that we take pains to put ourselves in this most definite way of being braced up and clarified and genuinely pleased and made good, as often and as certainly as possible. Every one of us needs a daily soul-bath at the hands of someone who, if he does not offer us "broad spaces of repose," will most surely effect the needed cleanliness of mind and heart, which will most surely and permanently prepare us to

> "Desire joy and thank God for it!"

It is to be sincerely hoped, then, that Browning's reputation will widen; that ability to read him pleasurably and profitably may be more and more frequently found; and that the worth of it all may be more fully realized with each succeeding generation. Let us continue to try even harder and harder to leave

> "the unlettered plain its herd and crop,"

and, if need be,

> "Seek we sepulture
> On a tall mountain, citied to the top,
> Crowded with culture,"

rather than use our easy indolence, narrowness, or practicality in belittling such a friend as Robert Browning, or in finding excuses for neglecting him. For, to everyone who approaches him in the right spirit, and perseveres with due enterprise, there is always sure and satisfactory reaping all along the way, of the best and most inspiring, as well as a steady assurance of more that will never fail to prove to be as good, or better still. One does not have to be a Browning "faddist" to be a lover of him and a gleaner of his joy. As for myself, I am content to say

> "All that I know
> Of a certain star
> Is, it can throw
> (Like the angled spar)
> Now a dart of red,
> Now a dart of blue!
> Till my friends have said
> They would fain see, too,
> My star that dartles the red and the blue!
> Then it stops like a bird; like a flower, hangs furled;
> They must solace themselves with the Saturn above it;
> What matter to me if their star is a world?
> Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore I love it."

Halt Eric, the Harper

Eyolf broodeth long and deep as he strideth the shore. The sun shineth on his bright war weeds, but he seeth it not. The seabirds scream above and the sea waves plash beside, but he heareth them not. The strange redes of the West Island wight trouble his heart. All black clad the wight had stood and had spoken as none ever spake before. Eyolf was heart-heavy to hear of the death of the Lord Jesus, gentle, sunbright one, like Balder, slain by the treachery of his own yarl. Fell deed of the wretch, Iscariot! Now Eyolf knoweth himself still young and strong and asketh himself what letteth him from taking ship over the sea way to Holy Land; what letteth him and his stout henchmen taking up blood-feud. He wisheth he had asked the way of the West Island wight for now is he gone, no man knoweth whither. But stark men fear not waste of waters. So he setteth sail and twenty hang shields on gunwale. Twenty warmen and halt Eric, the harper. For Eric, they say, must beguile them on the faring to seek the fell Iscariot, Jesus-bane.

Wind filleth sails, ship boundeth forward and skimmeth like sea-bird over water-way. Night draweth on and Moon shineth down on bold sea-rovers. Then quoth Eyolf, "Sing, sing the joy of the hardy spear play." Then stood up Frithiof where moon was throwing his light and sang the saga of sword-land.

> Bjorni grave, warrior proud,
> Wielded war weapons in fierce battle.
> None withstood the magic brand,
> Dipped in dragon's blood, graven with runes.
> But Hygelac, Snorri's son,
> Eagle eyed, smote Bjorni all unknowing,
> Drave deep in eye-socket winged arrow,
> Sinketh Bjorni looseth war woepons
> Lieth in death blood.
> Lo, a wonder, the magic sword
> Fighteth alone no hand guiding,
> Hard iron biting bernies
> Piercing war-weeds no hand guiding
> Then fled all men. None darest enter
> Even today into the land
> Cald by wights of all worlds
> Whirling-Sword Land.

Then quoth Eyolf, "Come, sing again! Thou halt Eric, the harper, sing us and tell what warrior bold shall enter that land and guide strokes of whirling sword."

Now Eric, the harper, lifteth his harp and his fingers stray over strings thereof and there cometh thence a marvelous music so that the sea-birds draw nigh, and the sea groweth calm and Moon holdeth his light down to see who playeth. Then halt Eric, the harper, singeth in strange staves the "Lay of the Lord's Peace."

Oh, who will enter, who will enter
The land of the whirling sword?
There warriors try and warriors die
From the strokes of the whirling sword.
'Tis the will of Wyrd that only three
Can master the whirling sword.
The first is a child, the second a dame,
The third is the man, who hath no man slain,
And will bury the whirling sword.

Then in wrath cryeth Eyolf, "What foolery is that thou singest?" "'Tis no foolery but wise redes I would be singing you," answereth halt Eric, the harper. "Wise!" cryeth Eyolf, "would you be singing women's songs to soothe the hind-harted, then fare thee no more with us, but I will send thee on a fare of thine own to Nain, the death dwarf." "As the harp speaketh so must the harper sing," sayeth Eric and bendeth low over his harp. With that he draweth forth marvelous, strange music and singeth yet stranger staves.

Bold warriors tremble at the sight,
For a child hath taen the whirling sword
And its gleam is turned to a shaft of light
That pointeth the way to the living Lord.

With that Eyolf sayeth naught but draweth his sword and cleaveth in twain the skull of halt Eric, the harper. Then Eyolf, Eric's bane, singeth these staves,

Loath is my sword, coward to bite.
His blood it drinketh not but spitteth it out.
It maketh Eric the harper, Eric the cloven.
No more he stealeth courage of war-men.

Then some whisper that it is well that halt Eric, the harper, hath become halt Eric, the cloven, but others whisper that 'twere better to have set ashore than to have slain outright. Then they throw the body of halt Eric, the cloven, into the sea but his harp they hang upon the prow. Then playeth the wind upon the harp so that it singeth a weird song and from that time forth none dareth to touch it. But Eyolf, Eric's bane, boasteth he recketh naught of the singing of the harp albeit from that time forth he seemeth to grow more heavy-hearted and sparing of speech.

Days wear and on the seventh night after the slaying of halt Eric, the harper, seeth Eyolf a stranger among his sleeping folk. He marveleth but the stranger cometh to him and asketh, "Whither wouldest thou be faring?" and Eyolf sayeth, "It is a blood feud and I would fare to Holy Land to slay Iscariot, the bane of the Lord Jesus." The stranger sayeth, "Follow me." And the twain come to a hill on which stand three crosses and hard by is a cave. The stranger sayeth, "In here the folk have placed the body of the Lord Jesus." Eyolf entereth the cave and looketh upon the face of the dead and lo, he seeth the face of halt Eric, the cloven. Then Eyolf is seized with a great trembling albeit he followeth the stranger out of the cave and they twain come to another place. Then saith the stranger, "Yonder standeth the wight who is hight Iscariot," and Eyolf goeth nigh and seeth that the wight is all clad with war-weeds and hath a bloody sword in his hand and Eyolf speaketh unto him and when the wight raiseth his head, lo, Eyolf seeth that it is himself that standeth there. And Eyolf draweth his sword and smiteth the sprite that is like to himself so that he falleth down in his death blood.

Then Eyolf, Eric's bane, awaketh, sweating mightily and seeth that the morning is come.

With morning cometh sight of shore and there the folk land to seek for water, and Eyolf, Eric's bane, landeth also and walketh away alone and none darest follow him for his look is weird.

Day wears and Eyolf, Eric's bane, returneth not to ship. So hardy wights band themselves to follow his steps in the sand. Anon find they the dead body of halt Eric, the cloven, cast up by the sea and hard by lyeth the body of Eyolf, Eric's bane, already stiff and stark and thrust through with his own sword. At this the folk marvel greatly. Then they burn the bodies of the twain with drift wood upon the shore and return to their own land.

Democracy and Leadership

Government of all the people by all the people and for all the people has never been tried. There are those who say that it ought not to be tried, that the most that should be attempted is a system that shall let the people think that they are the rulers. Government has always been of the many, by the few and for the fewer. Even the grand old democratic party of Jefferson and Jackson has a two-thirds rule that has been repeatedly used to thwart the desire of the two-thirds in the interest of the one-third. The popular leader who fails by a dozen votes to get the necessary two-thirds may be supplanted by a "dark horse" who stands on critical questions with the one-third. That, at any rate, is not government of the many by the many.

Shall we have a pure democracy? Do we want a pure democracy? Is it safe to let all the people have a chance to say what they want, and then give them a chance to get what they want and not substitute with a joker attached?

Some are saying, "O for another Jefferson or Jackson or Lincoln!" Now the fact is, we have a hundred such, and the few who rule for the few would not recognize them. The great metropolitan dailies would pooh-pooh them.

Lincoln was quite a fellow in '56, but you would not guess it from current comments. Years after men asked, "Who is Lincoln?" and they answered their own question by the sneer that he was an uneducated man, a vulgar village politician, poorer

than Job's cat and without the ability to speak good English grammar. Prof. Fite of Yale, in his "Presidential Campaign of 1860," quotes this of him from the *Christian Mercury*: "A horrid looking wretch he is, sooty and scoundrelly in aspect, a cross between a nutmeg dealer, a horse-swapper and the right man, a creature fit evidently for petty treason, small strategems and all sorts of spoils. He is a lank-sided Yankee of the uncomeliest visage, and of the dirtiest complexion. Faugh! After him what decent white man would be president?" The silk stockings in his own party expected Seward would be the real president. And the democrats did not hesitate to say that it would be "humiliating if not disgusting to see a party putting forth such a man to fill the chair once occupied by Jefferson and Washington."

Now, the fun of it is, that distance lends enchantment and that just such awful things were said of Washington and Jefferson in their time; Washington was called by the Tories as much worse names than La Follette as can be imagined. No, you can't imagine them either, for our progress in discipline of the tongue has been considerable. Read on and get the whole story.

Jefferson was called a Jacobin and an infidel. It was said that he used the foulest means to curry favor with the lowest elements in the colonies. Did the federalists in those days dream that he would one day be the idol of a great party and that all Americans would delight to honor his name? This is what William Cullen Bryant said of him in the "Embargo:"

> "Thou scorn of every patriot's name,
> Thy country's ruin and thy council's shame!
>
> Go, wretch, resign the presidential chair,
>
> Go scan, Philosophist, thy Sally's charms,
> And sink supinely in her sable arms,
> But quit to abler hands the helm of state."

Bryant, first great American poet, author of Thanatopsis and the Bobolink, wrote thus of his president, the great Jefferson! And oh, the gross injustice of it! for if Jefferson had had his way anti-slavery would have been written into the constitution.

Now do you know where every great movement for the betterment of the race has begun? Do these movements originate with the few who want to do for the many in their own way, and usually end by doing the many? Hardly. They start among these same "poor, ignorant folk" who supported Jefferson and Lincoln. The reason for this which Mr. Leslie Willis Sprague assigned was that "morality is highest in the slums and lowest in Fifth avenue."

Did the good people support Jesus? The common people heard him gladly but what about the learned and the rich? They were against him. They said he was a labor agitator, a demagogue and an ambitious knave. It was the good people, the law and order people, the church people, who crucified him. A generation later, Paul, looking over a company of his followers, was struck by the absence of the rich and wise and noble. Nor was there much change till the days of Constantine, 314 A. D., when the Roman empire became Christian in a day. But the world was not Christianized; on the contrary, Christianity was paganized and it has remained largely pagan ever since.

John Wesley thought so and said so and they sought to kill him. And who were the "they," but the good church people and their allies? None of the great and the good in those days saw in John Wesley the great-hearted, justice-loving popular leader who would reform the church and one day be the means of planting in America a great religious institution that would stand four-square, the friend of the workingman and the inveterate foe of every form of slavery.

Always the clamor for justice has risen from the common people. Always the common people have been the victim of injustice. Can any one name a single right ever granted them that they did not have to fight for? Privileges we gladly accord now (or grudgingly as the case may be), a hundred years ago and more they bled and died for. They are sweating great drops of blood today for rights that our descendants will grant as a matter of course.

Shall we let the people rule? From the foregoing it will be inferred that I believe in a pure democracy. I do emphatically. I would like to see it tried for once. It would mean, I believe, a far more equal distribution of the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness than is now possible.

A. B. CURTIS.

Jackson, Mich.

The Philosophers and Socialism

H. G. Wells, who is the most original thinker in the camp of Socialism, has recently written two strong articles on that theme for *Harper's Magazine*. While he believes in Socialism, he admits that to change to it from our present system is infinitely difficult, and that the way to make the transition has not yet been found.

Mr. Wells and Professor James (and may I say that I have often made the same suggestion) see no way of getting the coarse, nasty, unhealthy work done in Socialism but by having all men and women, no matter how rich or endowed, take their share of it, at least for one year. And in this way, and with justice, the filthy but imperative tasks of human civilization could be easily done.

Mr. Wells thinks that the land, agriculture, and all public utilities will be controlled by the Social State, and the State will give every one a "certain minimum of comfort and well-being," but, he says, "There will be innumerable things left to the control of the individual—his amusements, his adornments, all problems of aesthetic, moral, and intellectual interest. The great proportion of the occupations and activities will be private and free."

Mr. Wells admits fully that he does not see how to cross the Rubicon from our imperfect system, with its poverties and injustices, to the *philadelphia*, the brotherhood of Socialism. He avers that the one insuperable difficulty is to find men of wisdom and integrity to administer, to guide the Socialist

State. May I suggest that the supreme difficulty may be met by doing as Plato suggested in his "Republic," by placing the administration of the State in the hands of the philosophers, the real *philopolides*. When the philosophers rule, those men who will take no salary, devoted to poverty, obedience, and thought, who have risen to the perfect flower of mental genius, then will come the "Golden Age." The pure thinkers have always worked for "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," to use Plato's expression. They have always striven "to take in hand the wrongs of the people and set them right."

But where, it may be asked, shall we find these philosophers? Did not the Romans find Marcus Aurelius, the French, Saint Louis, and the Americans, Washington and Lincoln? This work appeals to all great and high natures, to their intelligence, their imagination, their faith. It makes for them an "escape from the evils of the world," it is their religion.

And may I say that what stands in the way of the Socialist State is not the sins, the wickedness, the selfishness of the people, but their ignorance, their superficial and narrow culture. The next step in Socialism, as in Religion, must be an intellectual one. An intellectual contribution from the inexhaustible curiosity and creativeness of the human intellect always precedes any great movement, social or religious. Show the millions that they may be happy and protected in the labor that they love, that in sickness and in old age they will have all the strength and resources of the State, and they will produce, to healthy, Dorian music, better and better, more and more beautiful shoes, clothes, foods, household utensils, houses, poems, stories, pictures, statues. Let the philosophers administer the State and give the people clear and definite instruction, and the "Golden Age" will be ushered in.

It may be that Plato in placing his "Republic" in the hands of the philosophers was not entirely serious, but I am sure he saw a great truth, and the one thing we need today is, as H. G. Wells suggested, men of wisdom and integrity to show us *how* to take the next step.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE SOUL'S SPRING

O bitter winter—winter long—
O life's deep stress and strain—
My soul sings glad the Springtime song,
Forgets the cold and pain,
Forgets the cold and pain.

Upon my brow, awakened light,
And in my heart fresh hope,
And to my spirit's quickened might
Joy's greenest petals ope,
Joy's greenest petals ope.

O birds of Spring within my breast,
Sing on in sun and rain;
White flowers of love and peace and rest
Waft fragrance o'er the plain,
Waft fragrance o'er the plain.

O bird and bud and singing soul,
Divine the song they bring—
No winter on Life's drearest scroll
But brings the Spring, the Spring!
But brings the Spring, the Spring!

HARRIET MORLOCK GLEASON.

THE STUDY TABLE

New Testament Criticism: An Important Book

An important book recently published is *L'Evangile Selon Marc, (Emile Noury, Paris. Prix five Francs)*, by the learned French New Testament critic, Alfred Loisy. The personal and religious antecedents of this eminent scholar are well known. Until his Modernist tendencies alarmed his ecclesiastical superiors, he was an honored teacher in the Roman Catholic Church of France. When they tried to humble and silence him, and compel him to retract the scholarly conclusions to which he had come through his investigations of the scripture history, he nobly refused, and withdrew from the church rather than sacrifice his convictions. Appointed by the government three years ago as professor at the *College de France,* he has pursued his studies and enjoyed entire freedom of utterance. If in the case of M. Sabatier, we are surprised to find a Protestant prognosticating the triumph of Catholicism—to be sure a Catholicism which in its essential features, will not differ from a Modern Protestantism —in the conclusions arrived at by ex-Abbe Loisy, we are equally taken aback by the extreme radicalism of the author. Truly he has traveled far in the twenty years since he published his commentary on the first three gospels and departed but little from the accepted standards of his church.

Let us examine his latest opinions more closely. According to Loisy, the Gospel of Mark, "the most ancient of the canonical gospels, is a synthesis, or the outline of a synthesis, with reciprocal adaptations, of meagre traditions relative to the preaching and death of Jesus, of the gospel which is denominated apostolic or Galilean, and of the Pauline gospel, the religion of mystery, which Paul preached, founded upon the redemptory death of a divine being, and made concrete in rites of initiation and mystic union, in the sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist."

As to the "meagre traditions" concerning Jesus himself, they must be accepted with reserves. Here "one is in the domain of pious fiction, of mystic dreams rather than of deliberate falsehood, but fiction which in the liberties it takes cannot be attributed entirely to the first witnesses of the Christ, but rather to those of the second generation, one or another being likewise prompted by the exigencies of their polemics with the Jews."

Among the oldest legends concerning Jesus, two texts appear to him outside of all reasonable contestation. When Jesus undertakes to proclaim his message, his compatriots declare: "Is not this the son of a workingman (*ouvrier*), and is he not himself a workingman? Is not Mary, his mother, and his brothers, James, Simon, Jude and Joseph? And his sisters, are they not among us?" Furthermore, when he was crucified, they put upon his cross a derisive inscription containing the cause of his condemnation: "Jesus, Nazarean, King of the Jews." In the light of these two texts, perfectly clear and supplementing each other, the career of Jesus was that of a Galilean workman who announces the im-

mediate realization of popular topics, and who was executed as a pretender to royal dignities and power, and as a disturber of the public peace. His disciples had visions. They believed that he was resurrected. They made him out a divine being. To the Jews, Peter and the apostles presented him according to the current beliefs of their people. A new convert who had not even known him personally, but who also saw him in visions, Paul, preached him to the Greek and Roman world in an acceptable manner. The two conceptions strongly diverged from each other. It took some sixty men fond of mysteries—the mysteries of Adonis, years to make them harmonize, and to put coherence into this new-born mythology. "The work is only outlined in Mark and the two other synoptic evangelists; it is carried to its close in the fourth gospel, veritable book of mystery, which fixes the teaching of the church concerning Christ by representing the career of Jesus as the earthly manifestation of the Word, Son of God."

Such is the radical conclusion to which this eminent scholar has been led in his rebound from Roman Catholicism. Can we attribute his interpretation of the life and teaching of Jesus in any degree to the opposition which that communion maintains toward the scriptures as the all-sufficient source of Christian faith, and its preference for its own line of tradition and right of interpretation?

Without further comment we leave the reader to judge for himself whether this most recent exposition of the gospel story satisfies either his reason or his heart, or is adequate to explain the history and influence of the Christian religion.

C. W. WENDTE.

New Books and Good Ones

Twenty-five years ago Huxley ruled in that great realm of readers who combined liberal thinking with scientific study. Huxley carried us with great liberality for that day, but there were questions that he shoved aside with a jeer that was hardly just. One of the questions that he handled with abrupt sarcasm was the origin of life, the problem of spontaneous life-production. Bastian's experiments became a subject of amusement, and it was supposed that they were disposed of as a case of non sequitor. But what came of it? The great problem of the origin of life still existed. Where did life come from, to begin with, on this earth? Nothing more sensible was offered by way of explanation than that it may have originated from a meteor, or cometary matter. Mr. Bastian left off his experiments for a while, and then renewed them; and now he comes to us with the same old faith that he had before, and he tells us he is confident that he has detected the origin of life-cells in his tubes. We are a good deal more ready to listen to Mr. Bastian, for we are much more inclined to believe that life is not the exception in this world, but the rule. By and by we shall undertake to explain the absence of life, or to find such absence somewhere. G. P. Putnam's Sons have published, recently, Professor Bastian's new volume, being an account of experiments with certain super-heated saline solutions, in hermetically sealed vessels. You will do well to read this volume, for we surely are very near to some such explanation of the origin of life that permeates the universe.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I also receive two novels that are well worth the while. The first is "The Way of an Eagle," by E. M. Dell. This is a stirring and unique story, but I like much better the charming volume by Florence L. Barclay, entitled "Through the Postern Gate." This is a thoroughly good summer story, full of love and character, and it will make good character. How long will it be before all our novels are given over to women writers? They have given us the best New England stories, and the best Southern stories, and their share of the best Western stories. In Europe it is all the other way, nearly every first class novelist being of the male gender.

From Sturgis & Walton Company of New York, I have several volumes of "The Young Farmer's Practical Library." This library is edited and admirably edited by Ernest Ingersoll. He also writes some of the volumes. We know Mr. Ingersoll by his "Wild Life of Orchard and Field." The three volumes which I have already received are "Co-operating Among Farmers," by Professor John E. Coulter, of the University of Minnesota. This is just the book that we need. It is not overloaded with data, but it does give us the new data now needed in the struggle for unity among all sorts of farmers. It is hard work for Americans to co-operate. They have been so intensely individualized by pioneering that they do not stand in file or obey officials. I am glad of it, and I am glad when any fruit-grower can hold his own market. I believe every one that has anything to sell should have his private customers if possible. I believe in bringing the producer and consumer in immediate contact. Yet here is this immense country with its farms many of them thousands of miles from market; what are you going to do about it? The farmer must learn to be his own middle-man by co-operation with his neighbors. We have got to get rid of the speculators or go into wholesale bankruptcy. This book will help right along this line showing the new social phases of farm-life. Another book in the series is "Neighborhood Entertainment," by Renee B. Stern. It is full of suggestions, and I think almost any housewife will be glad to have it at her right hand. However, social life hereafter will develop very independently. It will have to be made up of the wit of the people, without borrowing from other people. The third book in the list that I have, is "Health on the Farm," by H. F. Harris, Secretary of the Georgia State Board of Health. This book goes right at matters, and it is almost invaluable. It deals with all sorts of emergencies and accidents and diseases liable to come from impure water or infected air. It discusses the abomination of pickles and the food value of vegetables. Sanitation about the house is thoroughly discussed and the importance of good cooking. Best of all it shows you how to avoid diseases rather than heal them. It goes so far as to add an appendix of tip-top cooking recipes. I shall hope to receive the rest of this admirable series of books, and will note them for UNITY.

E. P. POWELL.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

INTERNATIONAL CLUBS IN GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

The weekly journal published by the students of the University of Göttingen in Germany brings us, in one of its latest issues, an account especially interesting to us here in America, of the founding in the university of an International Students' Club. It is of peculiar interest to us because the club owes its origin to a young American scholar, Dr. George W. Nasmyth, of Cornell University, who during the last year has prompted the formation of similar clubs among the students of the universities of Berlin, Leipsic, and Munich. Dr. Nasmyth, during his course at Cornell, was very active in the Cosmopolitan Club at that university, and was for a year president of the American Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs; and going over to Germany to spend several years in the prosecution of advanced studies in physics, he took with him the splendid enthusiasm for international fraternity which distinguishes the Cosmopolitan Club movement in this country, and straightway set about rousing the student bodies in the German universities to an interest in the same movement with rather remarkable results. The Berlin International Club, to whose success Professor Münsterberg, Professor Reinsch, and the other American exchange professors have earnestly contributed, has become a large and important organization. The Leipsic Club, in which Professor Lamprecht has been especially active, is hardly less important. The Munich and Göttingen Clubs have only just been organized; and the Göttingen students' journal gives a vivacious account of the first meeting of the latter. It was in the hall of one of the Göttingen hotels, and brought together a large gathering. At the close of the evening, the new club had over forty members representing fourteen different nations; and at the close of an international concert in the same hall a fortnight later, the membership was reported as having risen to seventy.

Among the speakers at the inaugural meeting, was the pro-rector of the university, Professor Voigt. He spoke particularly concerning the relations of the University of Göttingen to the outside world. The university was founded by an English king; and in its early years many Englishmen had studied there. They hardly came for scientific reasons, for Göttingen was then much behind the English universities; but they were drawn there by the hunger for foreign experiences. After German science made its mighty advances in the nineteenth century, Englishmen came again for real work. Along with their scientific interest was the wish to understand also German life, literature, and culture. Germany is a young nation in the field of culture, and must therefore on its side learn from the older centers of culture; must learn from its visitors. Germans, unfortunately, he said, had for a long time to look one-sidedly to the outside world. Their interest is now of another nature. While cherishing their own strong national feeling, they wished to learn and to utilize everything possible that is great and beautiful among other nations. Hitherto, foreign students in Germany had kept too much by themselves. The present movement, initiated by the students of various nations, was most promising; and the future belongs to youth.

Dr. Nasmyth was then called upon for a statement concerning the character and work of the international associations of students, especially in America, although he also touched upon many of the remarkable present movements among European students, which are being affiliated with the American movement, as a result of which, the International Students' Congress is to be held in the United States, at Cornell University, in 1913. Dr. Nasmyth had just returned to Germany from a long trip to the East, in which he had held conferences with student bodies in Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Bucharest, Constantinople, Athens, and the universities of Italy, establishing a Cosmopolitan Club among the students of Robert College, at Constantinople, and stirring up the students everywhere to interest in the approaching congress in the United States. He reported nearly thirty Cosmopolitan Clubs already organized among the American colleges and universities, with a total membership of more than 2,000 students, all leagued together to promote international good understanding and good will. The Göttingen Club, according to its statement of objects, aims to promote friendly relations between students of all nations in the university, to strengthen general interest in the problems of international culture, to help foreign students to better understand-

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ing of Germany's cultural life, and German and other students to the understanding of foreign civilizations, and to make the sojourn of foreign students in Göttingen inspiring and fruitful in the greatest possible measure.

Dr. Nasmyth closed his interesting address with the words: "I greet you as students who stand in accord with the spirit of our century; and I hope that the famous international University of Göttingen may be a center of the international students' movement for Germany and a source of international progress."

There were other speeches by Professor Morsbach and Professor Runge, of the university. The former aroused enthusiasm by his relation of his own experiences in American universities; and the latter warmly greeted the international students' movement and spoke eloquently of its possibilities.

The rapid progress of this students' movement in the German universities is noteworthy. Certainly there is no body of men among whom the creation of the international mind is more important than among university students. President Eliot has recently pronounced the Cosmopolitan Club at Harvard the most interesting club in the university; and nothing is more promising than the spread of this significant movement cradled in America to the young scholars of other lands. As the Göttingen professor well said, "To youth belongs the future."

To American scholars, the founding of this International Club at Göttingen by an American at this time, is particularly significant; for the centennial of the beginning of the great procession of American students to the German universities is at hand, and in the beginning, it was to Göttingen that our students chiefly went. The spirits of Ticknor, Everett, Bancroft, Cogswell, and the others of that early American group at Göttingen, must look down with pleasure upon the inauguration of such an inspiring movement in their old German university, which through the century has remained so favorite a resort for American scholars. E. D. M.

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